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thrown on all improvements. "The learned languages," will be less prized, as the stock of present intellect is increased. The times are changed since knowledge was secluded from vulgar gaze in the Greek and Latin languages. They resembled the monasteries in which the votaries of learning at its revival kept retired. Now philosophy is

gradually accustoming herself to dwell among men. She is deserting the cloister, and taking up her abode "in swarming cities vast," and amid "assembled men" in the various walks of life.

We might condescend to receive advantage even from French improvements.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BLUSH.

LOVELIER than the roses flush,
More touching than soft music's charms,
Is timid woman's feeling blush,
When aught the conscious soul alarms.

O Nature! thou, and thou alone,
Can'st soften, melt us, or refine,
One genuine touch each heart must own;
Th' enchanting blush is truly thine.

'Tis love's own eloquence! which speaks
Directly from, and to the heart,
Portraying on the modest cheeks,
What trembling lips dare not impart.

For love cold reasoning still despairs,
Nor waits for words his power to shew,
But rushes potent through the veins,
Triumphant on the face to glow.

Bright harbinger from feeling's source!
Morn's crimson glow, eve's tints are fine,
We feel, we own their beauty's force,
But ah, we feel them not like thine!

Thou speak'st from *moral beauty's* store,
Speak'st truth and virtue in the heart,
And sentiments deep in its core,
That language, weak, can ne'er impart.

O glowing thoughts, and feelings warm!
Ye that the sacred blush inspire,
Quit not, O never quit this form,
Lest virtue languish and expire.

DELLA.

TO ELIZA.

IN ANSWER TO HER QUESTION, "WHY
DO YOU SIGH?"

TIS not for grandeur, power or wealth,
That thus I heave the sigh by stealth,

Though fortune still has past my door,
I have been bless'd, and yet been poor.
No, riches ne'er shall cause a sigh,
Or bid a tear-drop wet my eye.

Nor o'er past sorrows do I mourn;
'Tho' much, alas! this heart has borne,
Should I the painful tale disclose,
Thy gentle breast would feel my woes.
Thy heart for me would heave a sigh,
And tears would dim thy crystal eye.

But time's blest hand has soothed my mind,
I bow to Providence resigned:
Now seldom back I turn my view,
Lest scenes of grief awake anew;
And if they steal o'er memory's eye,
I strive to check the rising sigh.

But say, Eliza, could'st thou bear,
To see thy only son *most dear*,
Whole years beneath the grasp of death,
Just struggling to retain his breath.
Would tears not often dim thine eye,
Would'st thou not, if a mother, sigh?

To bear long nights his weary head,
And each approaching minute dread,
To see death's image in that face,
Where dear lost features thou could'st
trace.
To watch that mild benignant eye,
So like his sire's, *O thou wouldest sigh.*

I see that cheek where roses blew,
Now shrunk, and of the lily's hue,
And Oh, past scenes float o'er my brain,
When in some interval of pain
I mark the witty prompt reply;
My heart then heaves a double sigh.

Poor boy! no father's eye meets thine,
No breast to sympathize, save mine;
A trembling asp I stand alone,
None to approve, if duty's done.

Then, ah! no longer wonder why
The widow's lonely heart should sigh.

DELLA.

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

Translated from the French.

TWAS in a garden sweet and gay,
A beauteous boy rov'd with delight,
Before him in a rich display
Of colours glittering in the ray,
A butterfly attracts his sight.

From flower to flower the fickle thing
In many a sportive ringlet flies,
And seems so lovely on the wing,
No weariness the chace can bring,
Though vainly the pursuit he tries.

Now on a pink in balmy rest
He hopes to make the prize his own;
Now in a rose's fragrant breast
He thinks its flight he shall arrest,
But, lo! again the wanton's flown.

Yet still the chase no toil can bring;
Though vainly the pursuit he tries;
So tempting seems the lovely thing
Thus seen at distance on the wing,
Still glittering in his ardent eyes.

And now his hopes to tantalize,
Behold it on a myrtle near!
Next on a violet bank it lies—
He steals and with his hat he tries
To cover the gay flutterer here.

But all in vain each art and wile
To catch the beauteous playful thing;
Yet still he disregards his toil,
Its beauties still his pains beguile,
Thus seen before him on the wing.

At last the flutterer he espies,
Half buried in a tulip's bell,
He grasps the flower in glad surprise—
Within his grasp the insect dies!—
His vain regrets, his tears now tell.

Thus pleasure that gay butterfly,
In prospect chercs the mind;
But if too eagerly we clasp,
It perishes within our grasp,
And leaves a sting behind.

DELLA.

MELANCHOLY MOMENTS.

"O madam, there are moments in which
we live years: moments that steal the roses

from the cheek of health, and plantest
furrows in the brow of care."

WHEN jostling with a world of care,
And struggling to sustain my part,
At times a prey to black despair,
I say, within this aching heart,
"O that I had wings like a dove,
Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

The freezing look by grandeur dealt,
The cold salute of heartless pride,
When, weakly sensitive, I've felt
Within my wounded mind, I've cried
"O that I had wings like a dove,
Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

Or when neglect with blighting power,
Has apathized the sinking heart,
In that forlorn, deserted hour,
I've cried, "O life with thee I'd part,
"O that I had wings like a dove,
Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

But, ah! when musing on the grave,
Where those I love have sunk to rest,
Distracted then in thought I rave,
And sigh within this tortured breast,
"O that I had wings like a dove,
Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

Fancy with all her dreams has fled,
To me the world has nought to give,
Even hope within my heart is dead,
Then wherefore should I wish to live?
"O that I had wings like a dove,
Then would I flee away, and be at rest."

Even now, my mental gloom redoubling,
By care and grief at once oppressed—
To "where the wicked cease from troub-
ling,"
And the weary are at rest."

"O that I had wings like a dove,
There would I flee away, and be at rest."

DELLA.

SELECTED POETRY.

BY A PRISONER.

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, whose
restless mind,
Like me, within these walls, is cribb'd,
confin'd;
Learn how each want that heaves our mu-
tual sighs,
A woman's soft solicitude supplies.
From her white breast, retreat all rude a-
larms;
Or fly the magic circle of her arms,